

Guinnesses

MF DOOM

Running desperately low on food, they were forced to turn back

(Well it should
I despise him)

Sheitan never came so ill, he got skill
Met a brother from the drill that gave my spine chills
All thirty-three nerves controlling my curves
Common sense just swerved every time I got served
Stress, frustration, empty rhetoric
Cold as winter in Connecticut, compassion lacking deficit
Thought it was love like sent from above
You not a soul-mate, more ways and actions of a primate
Who by low and census coming faker than extensions
Pissed away all good intentions outta here. sister was missin'
Intuition, maybe it was me
I couldn't see, holdin' onto fantasy, getting bitten by reality

War wound, purple heart, love veteran
Morphine, pain killers, drugs and medicine
Anything just to forget the hurt
Incoming, take cover, hit the dirt

On the front-line, there's casualties in the mind
And the POW's get left behind
Mentally scarred for life, love is war
And some chicks are just too hard to wife

I shoulda deaded it from genesis 'stead of hittin' the Guinnesses
Now I'm free falling, cursing at the street, bawling
He ceased calling, no appetite for feast darling
So deep, all in, I bet he never stop balling women
Forsake God for the scent of a man
Sacrifice a whole life for a slice, overstand?
Maybe it's a lack of pigment, loneliness imagine figment
Only got the car tinted to pull extra G's in it
Damn Jody, comin with the okie doke, pokie poke
Steady rockin boats, got me aimin for ya throats
Sniper scope, weren't we supposed to elope?
Propose then ya froze, I don't think that I can cope

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Constant frustration, stemming from a no win situation
Rushing lust and fornication, adding to the complication
Patience is a virtue, pain run deep when love desert you
Listenin' to whisperin', choosing chaos over discipline
Simpleton, life should really be a piece of intimance
Relationships strengthening, flower essence penstemon

Gentlemen my favorite shit so I've never forsaken it
I persevere, make it fit, sculpting and reshaping it
Taking sips off a fifth of it, passionate, intense
Incense candles lit, scandalous
Emotional bandages, why would he abandon this?
Guess he couldn't handle it, the boss is magnanimous

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Look
(Oh boy, here we go)

Come on you college boys wearing them faggotty-looking white shoes

Ya didn't wash your neck
(Take a look at my neck)

Hold it right there you
Where you're going, there are no jokes

I'm beginning to think that armor-plated gargoyle doesn't like me